



What is to Be



myths

dreams

20 0 1

Chapter 1 by motherglubber

In the golden hilt of an ancient sword gleam the lost words of an ageless prophecy. They whisper quietly in tongues no mortal understands, with words no ear could hear, in a voice to which few listen.

Echoing against the walls of a primordial tomb, they are trapped for a day and an age. For thousands of years, they wait in the dark, until the crackle of thunder shakes their cage. A blinding bolt of lightning lashes out and strikes a crack in their prison. Dark smoke slowly rises, thickly casting a heavy shadow on the surrounding lands. They are freed. They glide on the wings of the northern wind and are flung far from their home, as if drawn away.

Far away, a young child sleeps. Their dreams lack color, their life lacks luster. Their room is dark, but the moonlight shines in through their window and gives it an unearthly glow.

It is here that the wind comes to rest. The whispers worm their way into the child's dreams, and suddenly, the child's world come to life.

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